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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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SERVICE.

Ah! grand is the world's work, and noble, forsooth,
The doing one's part, be it ever so small!
You, reaping with Boaz, I gleaning with Ruth,
Are honored by serving, yet servants of all.

No drudge in his corner but speeds the world's wheels;
No serf in the fields but is sowing God's seed—
More noble, I think, in the dust though he kneels,
Than the pauper of wealth who makes scorn of the deed.

Is toil but a treadmill? Think not of the grind,
But think of the grist, what is done and to do,
The world growing better, more like to God's mind,
By long faithful labor of helpers like you.

The broom or the spade or the shuttle that plies
Its own honest task, in its own honest way,
Serves heaven not less than a star in the skies—
What more could the Pleiades do than obey?

—James Buckham.

THE PAIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

Olive trees planted by Father Junipero Serra in San Diego county 139 years ago are bearing yet.

Pacific Theological Seminary has 30 students of her own this year, and 10 who are in affiliation with Pacific and the other seminaries in Berkeley.

The tabernacle for the evangelistic meetings to be conducted in Spokane, Washington, next month by William Sunday covers a little more than three acres of land. A choir platform to seat 1,000 is being arranged.

During the last two weeks about seventy-five carloads of oranges a day have been going East from the Porterville and Lindsay region. The statements are that some rather immature goods went out at first, but it was expected that they would color on the route.

The second week of the evangelistic meetings conducted by Dr. Torrey in Los Angeles closed last Friday with about 400 conversions. Dr. Torrey said at that time: "These two weeks have been preliminary, and now we are coming to the reaping. To be sure a good many people have come to Christ, but we expect to have many hundreds more."

Such comity relations are probable between California Congregationalists and a denomination heretofore strongly inclined to press in everywhere as will make effort for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom less wasteful. It will be brought about, if at all, through the younger men. At least they are leading in the advocacy of it. The sooner it comes the better will it be for the kingdom and our coast civilization.

A Pajaro valley orchardist says that the greatest handicap to the apple industry is the high freight rate—the Southern Pacific charging for hauling a carload of apples to any point outside of the state more than the grower receives for the fruit. Nevertheless the statement is that the valley community is a prosperous one and that no good apple land is for sale. Watsonville, we notice, is to have a $35,000 Y. M. C. A. building, two-thirds of the amount contributed by farmers.

A name familiar to readers of The Pacific is that of Mr. George H. Himes of Portland, who has been the Oregon correspondent for many years. Mr. Himes was in Berkeley the last week in attendance at the annual convention of the Pacific Coast branch of the American Historical Society, of which he is now the vice-president, President Wheeler of the University of California being president. Mr. Himes is one of the most informed men in Oregon as to the history of that state. He came to Oregon in 1853. For several years he has been secretary of the Oregon Historical Society. The rooms of the society in Portland are a great storehouse of articles and information gathered by him in his researches throughout the state. It is a work to which he is greatly devoted and his devotion will long be of immense value to Oregon.

At one of the evangelistic meetings in Los Angeles last week Dr. Torrey asked that those professing Christians who were willing to try to bring some unsaved person to each meeting to hold up their hands. The Los Angeles Times says that the result in an audience of not less than 3,000 people seemed to astonish the evangelist and brought this rebuke: "You're a lazy lot, the laziest lot I ever saw; not twenty of you held up your hands. We are having great crowds, and you people are enjoying it; I never saw people who enjoyed it better. We've been asked why we don't open the doors earlier and let you in. I'll tell you why. A lot of you lazy Christians would crowd up against the door and rush in as soon as it was opened and keep the sinners out. You are here feeding, feeding, and doing nothing. Wake up and do something."

President Penrose and Dean Hendricks of Whitman College go East soon in the interests of a greater Whitman. The educational Conference held at Walla Walla last week was a marked sucess. No effort was made at that time to raise money. But now the campaign for a large endowment will be pushed. In an address at the conference, President Penrose said: "The Christianity for which the college stands and must ever stand is non-sectarian, yet earnest. It is worth noting that Cushing Eells never planned to found a denominational institution in Whitman seminary. The original charter contains no suggestion of such a purpose. Now that the denominational ties which for seventeen years bound the college to Congregationalism have been generously released by the magnanimity of the Congregational Educational Society, whose directors appreciated the extraordinary opportunity for Whitman College to serve all the people of the three great states, the college hopes to meet the religious needs of all sorts and conditions of men, and to bring to bear upon the moral and spiritual life of its students whether Catholic or Protestant the simple inspiring influence of the gospel of Christ."

Dr. D. K. Pearsons is visiting all the colleges on the coast which have been helped by him. He was at Whitman, at Walla Walla, last week. This week he is at Pacific at Forest Grove. Soon again he will be at Pomona. In an address at Walla Walla Dr. Pearsons said that the principal fault with the educational institutions of the country is that they do not specialize enough in starting young men in the business or profession for which they are best suited. Speaking concerning the Pacific coast Dr. Pearsons said: "The world even yet understands but little of the boundless possibilities of the Pacific. The future of the world is bound to be wrought out largely on the Pacific ocean and its shores. With the enormous population of Asia and with the enormous resources of the Pacific Ocean with its shores and islands and with the immense natural wealth of these Pacific Northwest states nothing remains but a class of people equal to the occasion." "What you

need out here," continued Dr. Pearsons, "is a body of genuine whole-souled well-educated and practical Americans filled to the brim with the old-fashioned American spirit of liberty and enterprise and enthusiasm. Now, the best way to get them and make them is by the kind of education which the greater Whitman is going to be fitted to give."

The California Midget is the name a fifteen-year-old Los Angeles boy, by the name of Brice Cowan, has given to an automobile which he has constructed. An article in the Technical World tells of it as follows: "It is built upon principles similar to those of the factory made cars and is capable, demonstrated by actual tests, of skimming over the road at twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. It has also climbed hills of thirty per cent grade, and has carried three passengers over ordinary roads. The car is six feet in length and weighs about 300 pounds. It is provided with a three-horse-power engine, has a friction transmission and a double chain drive. It has a three-foot tread, with nine speeds forward and three on the reverse. The machine is air cooled. The battery control is through an electric light switch and the differential operates successfully. There are external brakes on the rear wheels, and the machine is otherwise fully equipped throughout. Aside from the engine, the machine was built entirely by the boy—and even the engine had to be rebuilt to conform with some of the peculiarities of the automobile's makeup. His other purchases consisted only of rods, wire, nails, pine boards, a few castings and such material, even the wheels representing his workmanship. The latter are equipped with motorcycle tires."

Rabbi Wise of Portland, commenting on Rabbi Hirsch's statement as to the marrying of Jews with other peoples, says that the prejudice is as much a social force as a religious quibble. "As Dr. Hirsch has pointed out, the Bible narrates instances of marrying without the fold, as in the case of Moses, and more notably that of Ruth, the grandmother of David, who was a Moabitish woman. The Biblical narrative, however, deals with conditions far from similar to modern society, and cannot be taken as a norm in this matter." Dr. Wise does not regard this feeling against intermarriages as a matter of race prejudice, as the ethnic difference between the modern Jew and his neighbor of other religious affiliations is not marked enough to produce sharp racial antipathies. Attempting explanation from the standpoint of social dynamics, Dr. Wise says: "The centripetal force of intolerance has driven the Jew to his own for centuries, and he naturally feels a pride in the maintenance of a religious and a social uniqueness that has withstood the battering of the combined forces of destructive persecution for as many centuries as there are chapters in his history. Against this 'cidevant' influence he has naturally thrust the centrifugal force of race pride and a small ambition for himself that it is a providence not to be denied or involved in any scheme of salvation that he has been separated, and for his own good(for he has not and does not seek this isolation), but for the purpose of carrying out a mission remoter than the exigencies of matrimony, but equally important, and to him a matter of pride and ambition. Intermarriage would disintegrate the social cohesion which he considers essential to the fulfillment of his religious ideals."

The Santa Fe automatic train despatcher, which was installed over eighteen miles of road in Southern California not long ago, seems to work successfully. It is thought that this will bring about a revolution in present methods of train despatching. "By means of this invention the train despatcher and the engineer in his cab are in immediate communication, and orders to proceed or to stop can reach the latter at any time desired. The exact time a train enters or leaves a block on his divsion is recorded on the train sheets in the despatcher's office. Errors in running orders, often the cause of fatal accidents, are obviated by the automatic interlocking of switches after a signal has been set, and the despatcher cannot order a train to proceed unless the block ahead is clear, though he may stop any train when this is needed. The locomotive engineer is warned by a danger signal given by the despatcher or by the presence of a train, broken rail, or open switch in the block ahead. This signal is given about half a mile before the beginning of the new block, and if the engineer fails to reduce his speed to less than five miles an hour, or whatever rate has been determined in the regulations, in the next 1,000 feet travelled, his train is stopped by a mechanical device. This automatic stop can only be prevented by slowing down the train to the safe rate of speed. Mechanism on the locomotive records the time and place where a danger signal has been given; the time the signal clears the track, and when the engineer responds to this; the speed of the train at any time; and the time and place an automatic stop is allowed to occur. The block signal and train control board of the Interstate Commerce Commission are investigating the system, and those who have seen it in operation are well satisfied with its results."

San Francisco gets some hard knocks frequently in the Eastern newspapers. The New York Post says editorially that the attempt to kill Mr. Heney "will be generally regarded as another evidence of he lawless spirit engendered in that city through the dominance of the labor element. San Franciscans have often complained that they have suffered as much from the rule of labor as from the earthquake; and this statement is at least plausible." The Post then quotes Mr. Schwab's recent remark in San Francisco to the effect that no sane, conservative business man would build ships there until the labor situation had changed materially. Schwab, it will be remembered, stated that the cost of labor in San Francisco was "twice as much as many of the Eastern cities, not so much because of the wages paid, but because of the amount and the quality of the work performed." The comment of the New York Post on this is: "It is not merely that labor has charged exorbitant prices. It has controlled the police, made it difficult, often impossible, for a non-union man to secure protection, and has terrorized merchants and manufacturers." The Boston Transcript quotes Schwab to the same effect, giving his statement that he himself had lost $3,000,000 in San Francisco because of labor troubles, and adds: "This accords with many estimates of San Francisco, and since Seattle is a rival for the dominance of the coast, his message is likely to invite some serious attention." If the people of San Francisco, without regard to class, can get where they can see themselves as others see them, the city will have a great industrial future. Business of all kinds must be carried on in San Francisco as it is carried on in other cities if it is to be carried on successfully.

The Rev. Charles R. Brown was in his pulpit in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday morning, after six months abroad, mostly in London, but a part

of the time on the continent. A crowded house greeted him. He had as a text for his sermon the 30th verse of the 107th Psalm, "He bringeth them unto their desired haven." The words of the 107th Psalm more fully expressed his mood, he said, than any others. The best part of any trip abroad was, in his opinion, the part that he was enjoying then—the home coming, the arrival into a desired haven. You enjoy the trip, and now and then are thrilled by it, but at length comes a readiness to get back to the old things and the old ways. Asking the question, What does it mean to come home? the answer was given: The haven is a place to work, and it is a joy to relate one's powers to some useful task. Men ought to thank God for work. In this connection there was reference to the unemployed in England, a great army of long-faced, sad-eyed men eager for work, but unable to get it. This is England's most serious problem. Over against these enforced unemployed was placed the rich and fashionable classes of unemployed, voluntarily so, who know nothing except to spend, and wretchedness was depicted there also. Thus was illustrated and emphasized the thought that work is the most enduring source of joy and a profound means of grace. Again, the haven was spoken of as a place to love and to be loved. Here mention was made of the friendships formed during his twelve years in Oakland, and the joy in all the fellowship and co-operation. Further, the haven was presented as a place in which to grow; and it is a part of life to grow. Now and then one may turn aside for a little to some burning bush or special place of privilege, but usually the place of growth is where one is facing the responsibilities daily upon him in that work in life to which he has given himself. And so the concluding thought was that to some their haven may have been nearer than they thought. At the close of the service so many went up to clasp the hand of the pastor that about twenty minutes passed before the way was open for the Bible class session and the lecture by Professor Bade. Mr. Francis J. Heney, San Francisco's fearless graft prosecutor, was tenderly remembered in the pastoral prayer.

The California Christian Advocate urges a systematic effort on behalf of San Francisco Methodism, saying in that connection: "At the end of two years and six months the entire membership of the San Francisco Methodist Churches is less than 2,500. This is appalling. District Superintendent Evans, after careful study of the situation, gives his opinion that there are fully 2,500 Methodist people in San Francisco not enrolled in the churches. It must be remembered that fully 250,000 people were driven out of San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire. No doubt many of these returned; but allowing that all returned, there are fully 80,000 more people in San Francisco now than there were before the fire. It is probable that not more than 150,000 of the old residents returned. It is perfectly safe to saw that 100,000 to 120,000 new people have come to San Francisco during the last two years. We submit that in that number taken from all parts of the country there should be at least 2,500 new Methodist people. We think Superintendent Evans' estimate is well within the limits of probability." The Advocate then asks, What can be done? and continues: "It is not easy to say off hand what ought to be done. Our church buildings have been and for the most part remain in the ashes. There have been no adequate buildings in which to gather the people. The pastors have been on the verge of despair, without support, without equipment, and without churches. The population has been in one vast confusion, moving here and there to get better and more tolerable living conditions. Now the time has come for a heroic effort. The city should be districted and systematic effort put forth to find the new members and to interest them in the welfare of Methodism. Whatever may be said in favor of a general interdenominational canvass under other conditions it seems to us that a more direct, more personal canvass should now be made. If the pastor could call to his service a number of deaconesses, and members of the official board, and the Ladies' Aid and experienced workers in the congregation and take up the original research work with the determination to find every Methodist in the city the result would be fruitful. Conditions call for a strenuous campaign. This sort of work will prepare the way for a revival." Before the great disaster on April the 18th, 1906, there were less than 18,000 Protestant church members in San Francisco. The number must be considerably less now. We do not agree with our contemporary that there are 80,000 more people in San Francisco than there were before the earthquake and fire. We do not believe there are as many as before that date. However, there are doubtless a large number of professing Christians in the city who are not directly identified with any church; and the need for special effort to get them so identified and to get the ranks swelled by new converts also is manifest.

Known widely on the Pacific coast was the Rev. Dr. F. B. Cherington, who passed up into the heavenly life from his home at Lamanda Park, near Pasadena, on the 6th of this month. Dr. Cherington was pastor of Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane, Washington, for several years, coming from that pastorate to the one in Plymouth Church, San Francisco. At the close of his pastorate in San Francisco he went back to the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which denomination he began his ministry. Graduating from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1872, he went to India, where he engaged in evangelistic and educational work for four years. Returning to this country on account of the ill-health of his wife, he had pastorates first in Kansas and Iowa. After coming to California in 1886 he was pastor of the University Church, Los Angeles, for a time, and then he took the chair of theology in the university, and later the position of dean of the College of Liberal Arts. In 1890 Dr. Cherington went to Tacoma to take charge of the Methodist educational work etsablished in that city, where he turned once more, a year later, to the pastorate. After four years as pastor of the First Methodist Church of Tacoma he went to the Westminster Congregational Church of Spokane, where he had a highly successful pastorate. Both in Spokane and in San Francisco Dr. Cherington greatly endeared himself to the people of his churches and to the communities. It has been written concerning him as a preacher: "His sermons were characterized not only by ripe scholarship, not only by marked literary excellence, but by an impassioned fervor that moved men and molded character—a rare combination that made him a master of assemblies, admired and beloved by a large constituency." It is said further: "But, not alone was he a successful preacher. He was one of the most kind and congenial of men. Among his brethren he was esteemed a beautiful character—self-forgetful, not ambitious for place or honors. Like his Master, he was not minded to be ministered unto, but to minister. When phys-

ical infirmities impaired his ability to occupy the prominent pulpits to which his talents commissioned him, he without thought of protest, accepted lighter and lowlier tasks, giving to them what of strength remained, without stint or abatement of holy zeal. In his family circle his tender affection, his gentle bearing, his thoughtful kindnesses and his never failing courtesy helped to make a home where, as Spurgeon used to say, 'Angels might be asked to stay a night and would not find themselves out of their element.'" Dr. Cherington at the time of his death was a superannuated clergyman, taking that relation after a pastorate of two years at Lamanda Park; where, to use his own expression, after the close of that pastorate, he "camped on the border land of heaven, waiting for the call to the mansions beyond." Dr. Cherington gave not only several years of his own life to Pacific coast Congregationalism, but he gave to our work one of his three sons in the person of the beloved pastor at Sunnyvale—the Rev. R. B. Cherington. Another son is an instructor in Harvard.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is rumored that the Czar of Russia will make a visit to Rome next April.

When it was announced recently to the 1560 prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus, that thirty-two counties in that state had voted out the saloon they cheered enthusiastically. Of these prisoners 1350 were intemperate before they went to the penitentiary.

The Christian Monitor is the name of the new Boston daily published by the Christian Scientists. The intention is to issue a clean, pure paper. Accounts of vice and crime when given at all, will be briefly mentioned. There will be no cartoons.

Madison Square Garden, New York, has become a white elephant in the hands of its owners and is to be sold. The area has become too valuable for the purposes for which it has long been used. Skyscrapers will stand on the historic and far-famed spot ere long.

Bishop Fallows prescribed for a man who was ill or thought he was as follows: "Go seek the sunshine and the air. Breathe deeply, keep away from the shadows, and let your mind dwell on God." The man got well, though he had made his will and was expecting death to come at any moment.

President Gompers made an indefensible utterance in the convention of the American Federation of Labor the other day at Denver when he said: "May the trades unions always be right; but whether right or wrong, I am with the trades unions." It is not a commendable position. No man is justified in standing by an institution or organization when it is in the wrong.

The Christian Evangelist is of opinion that the chief thing which keeps Baptists and Disciples from uniting is a misunderstanding of each other's position, and the prejudice which has resulted from this fact. Some differences of opinion on doctrinal questions are recognized, but not such as to justify division in the judgment of the Christian Evangelist, representative of the Church of the Disciples of Christ or "Christian."

Commenting on San Francisco's far-famed graft prosecutor, the Boston Transcript remarks: "Mr. Heney in a peculiar degree has always aroused the enthusiasm of those who came in contact with him . By a group of enthusiastic young reformers of the Roosevelt school, in Washington and in the West, Mr. Heney's work has been viewed with almost idolatrous admiration. They have looked upon him as a coming man, and the recent suggestion of his name for the Cabinet, while obviously premature, has not been out of keeping with the estimate which they have generally made of him. Few limits have been set to the expectations entertained of this rising young prosecutor of the West. The experience through which he is now passing is likely to bring vividly before the nation the larger story of his work, and to make him more than ever, in the event of his recovery, now happily probable, a coming man."

Giving impressions of the English clergy the Rev. Dr. Cadman of Brooklyn, New York, says that doubt is not amply treated in the British pulpit. "Authority is less questioned, and the apologetic tone less marked than with us. This is the more curious because of the powerful and destructive tendencies of militant agnosticism in Britain—ours being simply an echo of theirs—and also because the facts of reverent and constructive criticism are better known by their clergy than by ours. No phase of preaching in England is so advanced on these lines as is that of New England Congregationalism. One reads the sermons of Parker and Maclaren and finds scanty hints of what is believed to be an age of questioning. If metioned at all, it is speedily dismissed, almost without a hearing, and with ill-concealed impatience. This method is highly commended by some, but it is not always wise. And one is thankful that Mr. Watkinson, Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Nicoll, and Mr. Brierly have looked some of these problems in the face and have met them successfully so far as the evangelical interpretation of spiritual principles is concerned.". Dr. Cadman finds a mystical element in the British pulpit, "a fine delicate and lofty spirituality and a tender grace, arising out of devoted study of the holy Scriptures." He says that the Rev. Mr. Jowett of Birmingham is its best representative, and a valuable example of the good work that can be done in this direction. "A Biblical preacher such as Dr. Campbell Morgan is held in high esteem, even by those who can not accept some of his theological views. These are, like Liddon's Sacramentarianism, forgiven or forgotten in the music of his message, a message given in language that bears the marks of genius and rendered with splendid confidence and effect." Dr. Cadman gained the impression that ministers abound more in England than they do in this country. He is of opinion that the scholarship of the English pulpit averages higher than with us.

THE KUMI-AI CHURCHES OF JAPAN

J. D. Davis.

The Kumi-ai (Congregational) churches have just held their yearly conference in Kyoto. It was largely attended, harmonious and enthusiastic. Nearly two thousand yen were pledged for "schuchu dendo," concentrated evangelistic work, next year. The city hall was secured here for large meetings on three successive evenings, and communion service was held there Sabbath morning, when nearly six hundred Christians gathered. When I think back thirty-three years, when Mr. Neesima was the only Japanese Christian in the city, and when for six years we could not rent a building in the city for Christian services, holding

them in our own homes, I realize the great change which has come.

The welcome to the American fleet has been most cordial. Japan has outdone herself, and this demonstration must stop all talk of war between these two nations. The Commercial Commissioners, representing the chamber of commerce of the Pacific coast, have also been given the most cordial welcome which it is possible for any people in the world to give.

They express themselves as astonished at the heartiness and extent of this welcome. I enclose a copy of the welcome extended to them by the Executive Committee of the Kumi-ai Churches.

Kyoto, Nov. 2, 1908.

The Welcome.

The Pacific takes pleasure in giving in full the "Welcome" to which reference is made by Dr. Davis:

Kumi-ai Church Office,
Nakanoshima Gochome, Osaka, Japan.
Osaka, October 26th, 1908.

To the Honorable Commercial Commissioners representing the Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast of the United States of America:

In common with our fellow countrymen we wish to express to you our cordial welcome to these shores. With all citizens of Japan we appreciate and are profoundly grateful for the distinguished part taken by your countrymen no less than by your country in leading us out of our long-established policy of national seclusion and in helping and guiding us into the paths of international relations and modern civilization.

But as Christians, and as members of the Kumi-ai (Congregational) Churches, we also feel that we have special reasons for welcoming you to Japan. From the United States have come, for almost fifty years, the strongest influences that have helped us to a knowledge of the religion of Christ, influences that have begun and nourished in us the desire to establish, in fuller measure and with more complete consciousness, his Kingdom of Love and Righteousness and Truth.

The consecrated and loving gifts of the Christians of the United States, throughout these decades, have maintained an efficient body of missionaries among us, have established our beloved Doshisha and other educational institutions, and have helped us in all our educational and evangelistic work. Surely we are grateful for the Providence which has linked our lives and welfare so closely with the Christians of the United States.

In welcoming you to Japa n it is fitting that we should call your attention to the fact that the interests binding together your country and ours are not exclusively commercial, important though these are. In addition and especially noteworthy, are our common educational, literary, scientific, moral and religious interests. By these our land is being knit with yours through the development of identical methods, ideas and ideals, by which we are coming to better mutual understanding. We earnestly hope that in seeking to understand the New Japan that is arising through free international relations, you will not fail to note these spiritual factors of our progress.

We would fain have invited you to visit our Christian churches and educational institutions and thus have met and welcomed you personally; but the time at your disposal is too brief for this.

Praying that this visit of so many distinguished guests from the Pacific Coast of the United States may not only promote the mutual understanding and good will of our peoples, but may serve to strengthen these deeper spiritual ties and motives by whose development and final complete control the Kingdom of God will be established among men, we subscribe ourselves, on behalf of the Kumial Churches,

Most respectfully yours,

Tsuneteru Miyagawa, Chairman.
Tasuka Harada.
Hiromichi Kozaki.
Toraji Makino.
Sadaye Takagi.
Tsuneyoshi Watase.

Executive Committee of the Kumiai Churches of Japan.

Note:—It may not be amiss to add that our body consists of 121 churches and chapels, of which 67 are completely self-supporting and self-governing, having a total membership of about 15,000.

The total number of Protestant Christians in Japan is about 60,000 with over 400 churches and chapels. Christians connected with the Greek Church, number about 30,000 having 265 churches and chapels. Christians connected with Roman Church probably number between forty and fifty thousand.

TWO MEN OF JERICHO.

A Sermon by Albert W. Palmer, of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

Luke 18: 25: "And it came to pass as he drew nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside begging."

19: 1-2. And he entered and was passing Jericho. And behold a man called by name Zaccheus; and he was a chief publican, and he was rich.

Jericho was a prosperous city; it was one of the great commercial cities of Palestine; for it was the eastern gateway of the province of Judea through which flowed a great trade to and from the desert beyond. Its climate was a perpetual summer and its soil very productive under irrigation. But it was a city without any degree of spiritual power or enthusiasm. It lay not far from where Sodom and Gomorrah had existed in the centuries before. It seemed to share their tendencies. It was luxurious and rich, but no great man was ever born in Jericho and no heroic deed had ever been done there.

Jesus was on his way to Jerusalem. He was going up to Jerusalem with the clear purpose of making a proclamation of his kingdom and its demands in the very citadel of his enemies. He realized the tragedy which must follow—the shadow of the cross already lay across his path.

But though going on so great a mission and facing so tragic an end he took time as he passed through Jericho to touch and transform the lives of two very different men.

The first of these men was Bartimaeus. He was a blind beggar who usually sat by the roadside just beyond the city gate, appealing in his rags and misery to the passer-by. On the whole Jericho neglected him. A large proportion of the population were bent on having a good time, and it was their custom to ignore him and forget him lest the memory of his misery mar their feasts or cast a gloom over their festivities . So, as they passed through the city gate, they looked the other way and saw him not.

Others in Jericho saw him not because they were too busy. Occasionally when they thought of it they tossed a coin to him, but there were days and days when the interest of their palm groves and bazaars quite crowded Bartimaeus

out of their consideration. And yet others had in days gone by pitied him and helped him, but as time went on had become calloused to his misery and simply accepted it as inevitable. And so Jericho neglected Bartimaeus.

But as Jesus approached the city Bartimaeus, to whom some faint rumors of his healing power had come, cried out for help. The crowd ashamed at this exhibit of their civilization, pushing himself to the front would have hustled him away, but his continued cry reached the ear of Jesus. who saw his need and healed him of his blindness.

I do not propose to take up the question of how Jesus could do such a thing. I do intend to speak on that subject some morning, but not today. Suffice it to say that hardly any scholar doubts that Jesus effected wonderful cures. Whether those cures were superhuman and impossible to us, or whether they were simply the result of a knowledge of laws beyond us at present, but to which we may hope to attain, is a question now under serious discussion. But it is not the question before us this morning. The point I want to make is that, whatever may have been his method, Jesus did on this day as he passed through Jericho, respond to the cry of this blind beggar for help and give him back his sight.

(2) The second man whose life was transformed by Jesus on his passage through Jericho was Zaccheus. He was as wealthy as Bartimaeus was poor. His clothing was rich instead of ragged. His body was well-nourished, and his physical powers unimpaired. He had neither the pinched look nor the sightless eyes of Bartimaeus. But he had his peculiar need—and quite as serious in its way as was the need of the blind beggar at the city gate.

He was the head tax collector of the city. His business was to turn over to his superiors so many dollars a year as Jericho's tax assessment. All he could squeeze out of the people beyond that amount was his own. He had become wealthy by this process, he had loaned money shrewdly and became a captain of industry in Jericho. But he was hated, bitterly hated and denounced by his fellow citizens. Had not the courts been hopelessly corrupt they would have prosecuted him. As it was they punished him by social ostracism. He was rich but he was alone and hated and reviled. He also appealed to Jesus—not with noisy clamor as the beggar had—but by a nameless hunger longing in his eyes. And Jesus responded to his appeal, and in some way transformed him and changed his life. We do not know how he did this any more than we know how he healed the blind man. We only know that after Jesus had dined with him and talked with him Zaccheus was a changed man. Jesus someway brought home to him such a message of righteousness that he stood up as one making a solemn oath would stand and cried: "If I have exacted aught of any man wrongfully, I restore him fourfold." Jesus also brought home to him the sacredness of human brotherhood for he also cried: "Half of my goods I give to the poor." And so Jesus passed on to Jerusalem leaving two transformed lives behind him—Bartimeus the blind beggar, and Zaccheus the corrupt wealthy publican, both members of the Christian brotherhood. Beyond each man neglected or hated by the people of Jericho Jesus had seen a human soul created in the image of God and endowed with boundless possibilities.

All this happened long ago in Jericho—Suppose we turn to our own city around San Francisco Bay. There are some elements of likeness between this community of San Francisco and Oakland and ancient Jericho. Both rejoiced in a semi-tropic climate. Each is the gateway through which the commerce of a nation pours. Each is wealthy and largely absorbed in material pursuits.

And certainly the two communities have this point of resemblance—that both Bartimeus and Zaccheus of ancient Jericho are living under other names in San Francisco and Oakland today.

To begin with Bartimeus is still with us. Bartimeus represents the submerged element in society, the man who because of some defect of endowment or environment never makes good; but is forever that citizen whom the community tries to hide. He lives in that portion of the city through which we do not conduct our distinguished visitors. He is represented today by the procession of men who apply to the Associated Charities for aid—some of them incapacitated by accident, some by lack of thrift, some by the turn of the tide in industry, some by illness in their families. Bartimeus is represented today by the men who are spending their time and money lounging around saloons, who fritter away their money and energy in drunkenness. He is represented by the news boys living on our down town streets. I do not mean the boys who deliver papers in the residence sections, I mean the boys down town who sell papers at a margin of profit, who learn on the street gambling and cigarette smoking, profanity and other evils which practically curse their future. They are the brightest of boys to begin with or they could not make good as newsboys, but the career of a newsboy fits them for no useful life to follow. Bartimeus is represented by dirty unkempt children, tired worn mothers living in dirty houses on dirty streets. No lawns, no flowers, only the dusty street for playground—so much to degrade and deaden—so little to uplift. In one block near our Green Street Church in San Francisco are twenty-six saloons. The crowds of little children living there, playing around those saloons—they represent the Blind Bartimaeus of this modern Jericho of ours. Edwin Markham has found Bartimaeus here. Read his poem, "The Old Woman," and you are face to face with Bartimaeus.

And Zacchaeus is here also. He is represented by the business man who sinks his sense of honor in his pursuit of money. It has recently come to light that the men who have for years been managing the surface electric cars in New York City have been plundering the public. They have issued watered stock until the public has to pay interest and dividends on vastly more than the actual cost of the system. They have given poor service and used the corporation as a means of getting wealth without earning it. These men, and we probably have men doing business in that spirit around San Francisco Bay—These men represent Zacchaeus. Then there is the large and influential group of men under indictment for bribing public officials in San Francisco. These men are the representatives of Zacchaeus, the corrupt tax collector, in this our modern Jerisho.

And we are treating these men much as Jericho treated them. We ignore Bartimaeus. We avoid the unpleasant parts of town. We accept drunkenness and vice as inevitable. As Jericho neglected Bartimaeus, so in too large a measure, we still neglect him today.

And as Jericho hated and loathed the publican—so we hate and despise Zaccheus the grafter, we prosecute him when we have sufficient evidence and we hurl invectives against him when he is beyond the reach of prosecution.

And, my friends, I am heart and soul in sympathy with the prosecution and punishment of unrighteousness.

But we need something that goes deeper than exposure

and reaches farther than prosecution. We need something that will make honest and upright men and stop graft before it is begun.

And so the thought sometimes passes across my mind as I live in the midst of the city: "Oh, if only the Christ could come into this modern Jericho of ours and heal and restore Bartimeus, and rebuke and transform Zaccheus."

And yet, my friends, Christ is here. Not walking the streets in person to be sure, but present in the person of his representatives. Unto the twelve disciples he said: "As the Father hath sent me even so send I you." And Paul has said: "We are ambassadors for Christ."

The responsibility for saving Bartimeus from his beggary and Zaccheus from his corruption and materialism rests on those of us who are seeking to be followers of Jesus Christ—rests on the church as an organization and on its members as individuals.

What Can We Do?

Well, first of all we can do something for Bartimeus One of Bartimeus' chief enemies is the saloon. It is making and keeping him blind and poor and wretched. But we Christian people are not doing much about it. If the Christian people of Oakland stood together they could reduce the number and change the character of our saloons. I do not suppose absolute elimination of the liquor traffic is possible or even desirable here, but we can regulate the conditions under which it is carried on. If all chairs and games were eliminated from the saloon, if screens and opaque windows were forbidden, if they were closed early and all day Sundays and holidays—Bartimeus would have a better chance than he has today. But we ought to go farther and provide some sort of a substitute for the saloon. Men go to the saloon for social purposes, they make business oppointments there, they use the free lunch, free telephone, free newspaper. We have not done our duty to Bartimeus when we deprive him of the saloon. We must give him some substitute for it. Here is a great field of service before our recently formed Church Federation.

We ought to do another thing for Bartimeus. We ought to go down on the dirty unattractive streets with their dirty children and tumbledown houses and erect in the place of humanity's sorest need an institution which shall be a life saving and life giving station. We ought to be maintaining in a certain part of this city an institutional church—with basket ball courts and swimming-pool, with club rooms, and with Sunday services led by good music and strong popular preaching. The wealthy strong churches of the city should be sending the gospel in a more varied and attractive form into the worst parts of Oakland and San Francisco. We are neglecting Blind Bartimeus until we do.

And then we have a duty toward Zaccheus the grafter beyond prosecuting him and loathing him. Our duty is not ended till we have transformed him and converted him. "What," you cry, "convert Schmitz!" Yes, I think that would be the idea of Jesus. "Impossible!" you cry. "Such men are too hardened. You can't touch them." Well that is what the people of ancient Jericho said about Zaccheus. I am not so sure what a genuine revival of religion in this community might not do. If Jesus Christ could really go home and spend the day with some of our most undesirable citizens we might see great transformations. What is the church doing to bring him home to many men? How much on fire are we?

But the church has an indirect and even more powerful way of reaching Zaccheus and transforming him. It can begin work on Zaccheus while he is young and open to high influences. The men and women who will rule the world tomorrow—some of whom will be the grafters it may be—are in our Sunday-schools today. The Sunday-school is the church's great opportunity to transform the world of tomorrow. How seriously are we going about it? How do our Sunday-schools compare with our public schools? What sort of class rooms do our teachers have? How much training and instruction do our Sunday-school teachers have? Some day I want to preach on the Sunday-school opportunity. But not now. Suffice it to say that if we are going to transform Zaccheus the time to begin is when he enters the primary department of our Sunday-school.

Now there is a very concrete and practical message behind all this. It is not enough for you to go home this morning and say: "Yes, that is true; we ought to help Bartimeus and Zaccheus. That is very true."

I want to carry this one step farther. You cannot do much to help them alone. It is only as you add your influence to some great organization that you can make it felt. The way to help Bartimeus and Zaccheus is to strengthen in every way you can that organization that is seeking to save them.

Now that organization is or ought to be the church! It is the great historic influence that has stood for humanity and home down the ages. Properly used it could transform the world today. We have had some examples of its power in this city recently. What a magnificent work the First Congregational Church is doing. When it gathered 1800 people together one night to hear Judge Lindsey it was helping to heal Bartimeus. A week before 1800 men filled that church and cheered until the echoes rang for the men who are doing something to awaken Zaccheus' conscience over in the other part of Jericho across the bay.. I believe the influence of that meeting has strengthened the backing of public opinion behind the prosecution immeasurably. That church is conducting a graded Sunday-school—the best on the Pacific coast.

This is the point I leave with you. Why should there not be in this part of the city a church as strong, as filled with power for good as the old First Church down town? There could be if the people who are here this morning consecrated themselves to building such a church.

Such a church does not mean a little church of 140 members, absorbing its energies in paying its pastor's salary, and something for a janitor. I long to see here a church which shall not only support itself, but reach out and touch and move the city. W e can have such a church if we will. Some of you are members of this church—will you join hands with me this morning with this vision before your eyes? Some of you are not members. Whatever your denominational name, whether you have ever made any profession before or not, if this vision thrills you, if you want to see a church with a real power here, will you not join hands with us this morning and say: "For the sake of Bartimeus outside the gate; and for the redemption of Zaccheus within. I take this church to be my church, I give it my hand and soul, my prayers and my ability, I am going to do all I can to help."

WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the W. B. M. P. will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, at 10 o'clock, an hour earlier than usual, in the Pilgrim Church, East Oakland. Addresses will be given by Miss Julia Gulick of Japan, Miss Coman on the International Institute, our girls' school in

Madrid, Spain, which she has recently visited; and Dr. H. H. Atkinson on "The Recent Change in Turkey and Its Influence on Missionary Work." Mrs. H. E. Jewett will give an account of the American Board meeting, from which she has just returned.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR DEC. 6.

Henry K. Booth.

Commending Our Society. VI. By Consistent Living. James 3: 10-18. (Consecration Meeting).

The Epistle of James is the most practical of all the epistles of the New Testament. It has no connected argument to give it unity, but is made up of a series of essays on practical themes. In form and style it is very similar to Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. The passage which has been chosen for our consideration comprises the concluding portion of one essay (3: 1-12), whose theme is "The Responsibility of Speech," and the whole of another short essay (3:13-18), on "The Earthly and Heavenly Wisdom." Laying aside the more literary method of study which a strict interpretation would demand let us see what light the passage throws upon the theme for our consecration meeting

I. Consistency in Speech. (3: 10-12.)

This whole epistle proceeds in large part to argue by antithesis. Here we have set over against each other the two extremes of which speech is capable—blessing and cursing. But note that James puts these two in the same mouth—and presents us with the picture of the man who blesses God in one breath and with the next falls to cursing men. It is the vivid delineation of an inconsistent and hypocritical Christianity, and James may rightly say, "Brethren, these things ought not so to be." The man who thus uses his God-given faculty of speech betrays something to be seriously wrong in his whole nature. It is impossible to consider him righteous or consistent. And James sets forth that impossibility in various vivid figures (vs. 11, 12). It is a sin that is ever-present, even in the Christian church. How many there are whose voices are heard in praise and prayer on Sunday, but lend themselves to calumny, abuse and slanderous gossip on the other days of the week. This "unruly member" is indeed hard to tame. And what misery, bitterness and trouble has unbridled and reckless speech brought into the world. How easy it is to let fall the thoughtless and cruel word which may break some heart. Gossip is not ordinarily characterized as one of the deadly sins, but judged by the fact that it shatters reputation, wrecks lives and slaps its thousands, it ought to be placed in that category. The prohibition against this base use of the tongue is the true interpretation of the ninth commandment. Well may James say, "If any stumbleth not in word, the same is a perfect man." Let us see that all our speech is consistent, that our blessing of God be not mingled with the cursing of men.

II. Consistency in Life. (3: 13-18.

We have here contrasted the earthly and the heavenly wisdom. But James prefaces this essay by a verse which sums up his attitude throughout the epistle. Against that empty religiousness, that sham religion which prides itself upon the possession of faith, or zeal or knowledge and neglects the practice of Christian virtue, James urges that religion which manifests itself in deeds. And so he cries to those who prided themselves on their knowledge, "Show by your good life your real wisdom." It has been a temptation of men of culture in all ages to imagine that this culture was an essential part of religion. There has always been a disposition among the educated classes of Christians to look down upon the ignorant Christians and to disparage their religion. Christian Endeavorers have been heard to speak slightingly of the Salvation Army and kindred Christian organizations. But judged by James' standard of "works," judged by their faith and vital piety these people possess a Christianity that can put to shame that of the average Christian Endeavor Society. Let us remember that culture is not an indispensable pre-requisite for the Christian life, and let us manifest our Christianity by good lives rather than by professions of knowledge.

James then goes on to characterize this wisdom that is parading itself in the early church. It is marked by bitter jealousy and a divisive spirit. That James was right is amply evidenced by the long, sad history of the theological bickering and strife, and the denominational division and sectarianism which are a blot on the fair name of Christianity. We are coming at last in this age to judge a man's Christianity not by his wisdom but by his works, not by his creed but by his life. We are applying James' test. And this kind of Christianity proves itself without argument, while opinions and philosophies are the fruitful source of debate and division. It is also "earthly, sensual, demoniacal." They are strong terms, but none too strong for that false type of Christianity which is only intellectual, and not vital.

The concluding verses picture the heavenly wisdom in beautiful terms—gentle, peaceable, positive, sincere. It is a wisdom that is to be made manifest in good works of love and kindness. It is James' most earnest plea for consistent Christian conduct, a life filled with mercy and goodness. Shall we fail to heed his simple and practical counsel and the urgency of his plea for a complete and perfect Christian life.

A COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

Persons renewing subscriptions to The Pacific before December 30 can have The Pacific and any one of the following named publications for a year for $2.65:

Sunset Magazine, Pacific Monthly, American Magazine, American Boy, Camera Craft, Children's Magazine, Cosmopolitan Magazine, Good Health, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Kindergarten Review, Metropolitan, Success Magazine, Travel Magazine, Van Norden's Magazine, What To Eat, Woman's Home Companion, World To-Day.

By adding 65 cents each to the $2.65 any number of the Magazines named in the foregoing paragraph may be had. For example: Sunset and Pacific Monthly with The Pacific, $3.30. Sunset, Pacific Monthly, and Good Housekeeping, with The Pacific, $3.95.

For $3.10; The Pacific and one of the following may be had: McClure's, Everybody's or Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

For $3.50 The Pacific and The Review of Reviews.

For $4.25 The Pacific and World's Work.

$6.50 for $4.05.

For $4.05 The Pacific, Review of Reviews, and Good Housekeeping. The total price of these three publications, taken separately, would be $6.50. We will send the three for a year for $4.05. In place of Good Housekeeping, Sunset, Pacific Monthly or American Magazine may be substituted.

For New Subscribers for The Pacific.

Friends of The Pacific are authorized to offer to per-

sons not now subscribers for The Pacific any one of these combinations for one dollar less than the amounts therein named. Any of the $2.65 combinations can be had by new subscribers for The Pacific for $1.65. The $3.50 combination for $2.50; the $4.05 combination for $3.05.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Second.—The bazaar held last week netted the church $50.

Sierra Madre.—Four persons were welcomed into fellowship at the recent communion.

Fitchburg.—The Rev. Mr. Eakins, recently from Massachusetts, occupied the pulpit last Sunday.

North Berkeley.—The church made last Sunday the largest home missionary offering in its history.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The pulpit was occupied Sunday by the Rev. E. E. Flint of Fitchburg, who goes soon to Great falls, Montana.

San Francisco, First.—The Rev. Mr. Ebina of Japan spoke in the morning last Sunday giving in a very interesting manner the story of his experience in passing from agnosticism to Christian faith.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The Sunday evening lectures on Psychotherapy have been having an increasing attendance and now the church is well filled each evening. The pastor preached at Mills College last Sunday afternoon.

Alameda, First.—The first Sunday in November was a very happy one for this church as on that day seventeen united, 4 by letter and 3 on confession or renewal of faith. Next Sunday evening the pastor's topic will be "Can a Successful Business Man Be a Christian?"

Adin.—The Rev. C. M. Brown has accepted a call to this church and will begin work Nov. 29th. During the past month the work has responded grandly to the efforts of the General Missionary, Mr. Eckles, who goes to take charge of his new work at Loomis and Rocklin December 1.

Sunol Glen.—The Sunol church held its Annual Business Meeting on Nov. 3rd, in connection with a dinner. The good fellowship around the tables and the encouraging annual reports of officers of all the branches of the church, showed the effect of the work of an earnest pastor. After words of greeting and a prayer by Mr. May, the first pastor of the church, Rev. John Cull spoke so earnestly that the hearts of all were won by his helpful address and cordial manner.

Campbell.—Our people enjoyed a great treat last Sunday. Rev. T. O. Douglass, D.D., for twenty-five years Home Missionary Secretary of Iowa, "The Grand Old Man" of Iowa, spent the day with the pastor and other friends, and spoke both morning and evening. In the evening he gave his inspiring lecture on "The Footprints of the Pilgrims." Any church that is so successful in securing Dr. Douglass for this lecture while he is on his western tour, is assured of a delightful treat. All lines of church work are progressing nicely.

Oroville.—The Oroville church has been without a pastor since February of this present year, but none of its activities have lapsed. The Sunday-school is particularly well attended, also the prayer meetings and Christian Endeavor societies. The Ladies' Aid has raised between six and seven hundred dollars for home expenses, and the benevolences have not been forgotten. The church edifice has been renovated and recarpeted and everything made ready for the pastor elect, Rev. R. Douglass of Dunlap, Iowa, who begins his pastorate January 3rd, 1909. Rev. F. L. H. Von Lubken of Portland, Oregon, is acting as a supply until the arrival of Mr. Douglass. Mr. Von Lubken is an entertaining and interesting speaker, and a most excellent Christian gentleman. The church is prospering spiritually under his guidance.

WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO.

(Rev. C. F. Clarke, correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle, Wash.)

Seattle, Fairmount.—An effort is being made to raise enough money to buy a lot for the new church being established at Fairmount. Dr. Dunston gave a lecture on Australia at Plymouth Church to an audience that crowded the church to the doors, the entire proceeds of the collection going to this purpose.

Bellevue and **Medina.**—Rev. Arthur Strong and family have arrived and are at work. Mr. Strong comes from Ohio, is a graduate of Baldwin University, Berea, spent a year at the State University and graduated from McCormick Seminary, Chicago. He has had pastorates at Saginaw, Mich., and Springfield, Ohio.

Seattle, University.—The pastor, Rev. H. C. Mason, has gone to Brandon, Manitoba, for two weeks, where nineteen years ago he had his first pastorate, he himself gathering and organizing a church. Mr. Mason will preach the anniversary sermon. Superintendent Scudder preached Nov. 15 in the morning and Rev. D. R. Tomlin in the evening.

Lewiston, Idaho.—The saloon element was too strong for the reform element at the last election, but the fight will continue against the saloons and better things are hoped for next year. It is a matter of great gratification that not a member of the Congregational church voted in favor of license and every one able to vote attended the polls.

Recent Calls.—C. H. Neilor to Rosalia; E. S. Ireland to Coupeville; F. D. Healey to Lopez, Richardson and Center, to begin work Dec. 1st; E. E. Van Wert to Priest River; J. E. Tedford to Granite Falls; Albert Williams to Pullman; D. R. Clowe of the Dutch Reformed Church to Lewiston for three months; R. B. Hassel to Douglas, Alaska; Wm. Smith, from Lebanon, Conn., to Port Angeles.

Hillyard.—The fall work opens with bright prospects, the attendance at church services and Sunday-school has reached a new high water mark, Nov. 8th the Sunday-school attendance being 147. Six members were received by letter and one on confession, making a total of fifty-two received since Jan. 1st, 1908. A Junior Endeavor Society and a Boys' Club have recently been organized. The pastor, Rev. J. Lincoln Ellis, is to be greatly commended for his earnest efforts in a hard field and we rejoice in the evidences of growth.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Rev. and Mrs. Victor P. Eastman were received into membership Nov. 1st, at the morning service, in the evening they were commissioned as missionaries of Plymouth Church, going to North China, where they will work in conjunction with Rev. and Mrs. Ellis, who are also supported by Plymouth Church. Dr. Van Horn preached the sermon and Superintendent Greene spoke of the field to which they go, having visited it while on his oriental trip a year ago. Dr. Sydney Strong, as official representative of the A. B. C. F. M., presented the commission.

Puyallup.—Rev. Geo. N. Edwards has commenced a vigorous campaign for the placing of our church here in the position it should occupy, and already these efforts are bearing fruit, the congregations having more than doubled During November Mr. Edwards gives five talks on the Bible, as follows: The Bible as a Library, As a Record of Human Experience, As a Covenant, As a Revelation, As a Companion. Special music is rendered every Sunday evening by a recently organized chorus choir assisted by the Wanicher Family Orchestra. The church is planning to open the basement for a public reading room.

Tacoma.—At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Tacoma Congregational Church Exten-

sion Society it was voted that the time had come to organize a church in the North-side, where such effective Sunday-school work has been done under the directon of Mr. Cutter and others, and where, by the energetic pushing of Deacon Edwin Eells a building has been erected. Rev. E. D. Bentley, who has been in charge of the work, and Rev. Dr. E. T. Ford, the pastor of the First Church, were appointed a committee to proceed at once to organize a Congregational church there, with the recommendation that it be known as Pilgrim Church. There is a Sunday-school of sixty, and an average attendance at the preaching service of about thirty. Several Congregational families have lately moved into the neighborhood, coming from the East, and they have sent for letters to unite with the new church as soon as it is organized. Report was also received from the Alki Church, that its new building is now completed, and that they will ask the Fellowship meeting of Tacoma and Northwestern Asscciations to set apart part of one day of the meeting for the purpose of dedicating the new building. The new building of Plymouth Church is so far on its way to completion that its roof is now being put on.

Seattle, West.—A triangular exchange of pulpits took place Nov. 8th. The Rev. Hermon Carson preached at the West Church in the morning on the subject, "Why do Men Go to Church?" and in the evening on "A Message of Optimism—Some Ways in Which the World Grows Better." Dr. Dunstan preached at Vancouver and Rev. A. Deas preached at Victoria. These cities while in different countries are associated with each other in fellowship, and are anxious to deepen the ties. . . A genuine surprise was given the pastor of the West Seattle Congregational Church and Mrs. Dunstan recently. The ordinary weekly prayer meeting had just concluded, and the audience vanished rather more rapidly than usual. When Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan and their children reached the door of the parsonage they found the place ablaze with light, and during their absence the reception rooms had been transformed by a busy party, and a crowd of guests welcomed them. After an interval and before the minister and his wife had quite recovered from their astonishment, Mr. Charles Howe explained the object of the gathering, and presented Mr. Dunstan with a salver containing $250 with the behest of the congregation that as the samples already imported from Australia were regarded as satisfactory, a further installment be immediately sent for. In response Mr. Dunstan spoke feelingly of the further token of generous affection, and said that he would send for his three daughters immediately, so that they might be here before Christmas.

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

Rev. William Ladd Jones, one of the oldest, best known and most highly esteemed Congregational ministers of California, passed away in Cloverdale on Wednesday, November 18, 1908, at the advanced age of 81 years and 2 months. About six weeks ago, while at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones at Guerneville, he suffered a fall, sustaining injuries to his head and spine. He was given every attention and Mrs. Jones brought him to their Cloverdale home, but the infirmities of age were such that his family were given little encouragement for his ultimate recovery. Funeral services were conducted at the home in Cloverdale by the Rev. E. E. Chakurian of Guerneville and the Rev. Henry Ainsworth of Cloverdale, and the body was taken to Pomona for interment. Mr. Jones was born September 18th, 1827, at Minot Center, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1849, and from Bangor Theological Seminary in 1854. His father, the Rev. Elijah Jones, was a Congregational minister, and had the honor of ministering in the same church for a period of forty-eight years, and he had also the distinction of being the first graduate of Bangor. Mr. Jones was ordained in his father's church at Minot Center, one of the ordaining ministers being the Rev. Enoch Pond, father of Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond, so well known to Congregationalists in California. Last year Mr. Jones preached in the church at Minot Center the fifty-fifth anniversary of his ordination.

He was married to Miss Ann L. Farrington September 28th, 1854, and they came around Cape Horn on their wedding trip, arriving in California in March, 1855. There were no home missionaries then, and Mr. Jones began his work at Camptonville, Yuba county, where he labored five years. He then moved to Humboldt county and was the pioneer Congregational minister of that county. He organized and built the Eureka church, toiling with his own hands to erect the building. He lived ten years in Humboldt county, and during most of the time he resided there he was county superintendent of schools. He came to Cloverdale in 1883 and was pastor of the Congregational church from October 7th, 1833, to February 28th, 1897—thirteen years and six months. He leaves behind him one daughter and two sons—Mrs. F. E. Adams of Pomona, Dr. W. F. Jones of San Rafael, and Dr. H. M. Jones of Pomona. His first wife died several years ago, and in 1901 he married Miss Lizzie Armstrong of Cloverdale, who survives him. Since 1901 Mr. and Mrs. Jones resided in Guerneville during the summer months and in Cloverdale during the winter season. They were members of the Guerneville church.

Mr. Jones was by natural endowment of a virile mind, strongly intellectual, sane in his judgment and well balanced. He could speak seven or eight languages, and was well versed in theology, history, mechanics, and all branches of general knowledge, yet he was conspicuously modest and unassuming as to his intellectual attainments. He was a man of deep convictions. Superficiality and shallowness were not his weaknesses. He stood firm as a rock in his beliefs and in his defense of the truth. His religious opinions did not lack depth. There was "deepness of earth" in his nature. He was not emotional and yet he was a man of deep feeling. He did not live on the surface. He did not "wear his heart on his sleeve." He impressed some as being stern in his nature, yet beautifully blended with his vigorous intellectuality and his strength of will was a real tender spirit, a sympathetic heart, and even a vein of quiet humor. He was fond of music and had a rich bass voice. It was a benediction to hear him sing the "Songs of Zion." He was easily touched by music, and often the deep fountains of his nature were strongly moved by its power. He was generous to a fault, loyal to his friends and loyal to the church, a kind father and a sympathetic husband. He lived long and lived well. There are some men whose lives are built on the sands of selfishness, but he built his on the rock of faithful service. For fifty-four years in the ranks of the ministry he has been willing to spend and be spent for the benefit of humanity. It is not possible to estimate all the good he has accomplished. His messages from pulpit and press have been scattered far and wide, and the seeds of truth have dropped into many hearts and brought forth a bountiful harvest.

JOTTINGS.

A Reminiscence.

There are people not a few in California to whom the announcement of the death of the Rev. W. L. Jones, of Cloverdale, will bring a pang and waken happy and sacred memories. But perhaps none outside his family circle will

feel it more than I. We were mates in college and mates again in the Theological Seminary. We were, however, not intimate in those days. Though younger in years, I was two years in advance of him in both institutions. I was also nearly three years in advance of him in coming to this state. Our intimacy began when we became nearest neighbors to each other in our pioneer gospel work in California. It is my impression that I was already settled in Downieville, Sierra county, when he arrived in San Francisco. He did some exploring in the Sierra Nevadas and finally settled at Comptonville in Yuba county—about twenty miles nearer the center of things than Downieville. Passengers could come to Comptonville by stage from Marysville, but from that point they had to go to Downieville by "express train"—that is, on mule-back along a rough and narrow trail, sometimes looking down from their saddles over a perpendicular precipice where one false step would land in death. But our mules did not make false steps, and no folly of the driver could compel them to do so. Ah how my ten years in Downieville led me to love and honor our mules!

I remember that in a letter quoted in the **Home Missionary,** Bro. Jones gave an account of his explorations in what we called the mountains, and wittily and truly said that he looked in vain for mountains but found instead "hollows very deep and steep." It described in a word our Sierra the elevations are reached from west to east, except as to occasional widely separated peaks, by an inclined plain so gradual and so regular that your ascent is scarcely noted; but when you travel north or south it is like traveling on the teeth of a saw up and down continually, the steep banks of the little streams ranging between 800 and 2000 feet in depth perpendicular.

I remember a distinct relief from the sense of loneliness when Bro. Jones settled in Comptonville. It was a small matter to either of us in our vigorous youth to walk the twenty miles between our respective homes. I could exchange with one of my own sort without an expense which meant extravagance. We could help each other in times of special stress, and I remember with pleasure still how he brought up to our church fair a sister-in-law fresh from New England, who captured so many of the hearts of our young men that sales for her sake were brisk and profitable. The church we were then building was destroyed by fire, with all the business portion of the town on the Friday before we were to hold in it our first service, and when we replaced that comely edifice with a lowly stone chapel,—designed to be the basement of the church of the future. which church never rose into being,—he was present and took part in the dedication and wrote concerning it to **The Pacific** that it was "like the religion to be taught there. very plain and humble without but very cosy and comfortable within."

Bro. Jones was the son of a typical New England country pastor who stayed in one field and shepherded one flock from the beginning of his ministry till it closed—a pastorate of nearly—perhaps quite— a half-century. His father was a man of influence in Maine,—shrewd, witty, not showy but substantial, holding fast the Word of God. His son was patterned in the same way, but with a career modified by the circumstances in which he wrought, so different from those of his father's. I remember no one among all our ministers who excelled him in that pure, homely wit which condenses a great argument into a single stroke of funny utterance. And it was always given out with a sobriety and simplicity of utterance which gave it double power.

Comptonville was not a very promising field. There were around it a goodly number of once thriving mining camps in all of which Bro. Jones ministered and in them all with a strong influence for good; but the time never came when a church could be organized or a meeting-house erected. He was thus led to accept a call to Eureka, where he did a noble work for several years, and where, I should think, there must still remain many who remember him with respect and affection. He was afterwards connected with Oahu College in Honolulu, and on returning to California became pastor at Cloverdale.

At seventy years of age, he retired from the active ministry, not, so far as I know, from any conscious loss of power, but as I have guessed, from a predetermination so to do, when he reached that age.

This is no attempt to sketch his whole career, but only to gather up a few reminiscences of one whom,—though it is several years since I have seen his face,—I consciously miss, now that he is no more on the same planet where I dwell. W. C. P.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Bay Association will meet on Tuesday, December the 15th, in the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

President McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary was at Claremont last Saturday and participated in the dedicatory exercises. Sunday he spoke at the state school for boys at Whittier.

Next Monday there will be a union meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. The hour, 11 a. m.. Address by Dr. Cull of Antioch on Modernism.

The Rev. Griffith Griffiths of Oakland was in Eureka last week called back to his old parish to officiate at a wedding. He brings good report of the church at that place, the outlook being very encouraging under the leadership of the Rev. H. E. Banham.

THE HOME

A BETTER WAY.

The Story of An Acquired Affection.

Mrs. Gilbert was one of those people who are sure they love the Lord and that the Lord loves them. She enjoyed in general a high degree of peace and satisfaction in relation to her spiritual affairs. Concerning her earthly affairs, she was not today quite so comfortable. She could not imagine why she needed the discipline that had just now been given her at the very moment when glancing out of the window she had been thanking heaven for the blue sky and beautiful day.

The discipline was in the shape of her young stepmother, who was ill in bed upstairs. She had never seen the minx, as she phrased it, in her thoughts, till she was brought inside her doors on a stretcher. The little creature had beguiled her father into marrying her, a mere girl, when he was quite old enough to know better, being every day of fifty years, and Mrs. Gilbert had spoken her mind so freely

about the affair that of course she could not go near them afterwards. And then her father had lost his money—without any doubt, in Mrs. Gilbert's opinion, owing to this young woman's extravagance. She must have married him for it—served her right, then! And he had died suddenly, without making any sign to her. And the little widow—it was perfectly ridiculous, calling that girl her father's widow—was left with literally nothing. Mrs. Gilbert was herself very comfortably provided for by the late Mr. Gilbert; but she had not enough to take care of another person, except under her own roof.

The minister had come to her this very day and had told her the circumstances, and had asked her what she was going to do about it.

She was going to do nothing about it. Why should she?

"Mrs. Gilbert!" said the minister.

"Mr. Morton, I don't know what you mean!"

"I don't at all feel that she is my father's wife!" and the color dyed her face as she stooped to pick up the articles her energetic movement had scattered in upsetting her work-basket.

"The Lord does," said the minister. "The church does. The communinty does. You might as well. Perhaps you don't perceive that when you speak in that way you cast an aspersion on your father, Mrs. Gilbert."

"My father was a deluded old man."

"An old man at fifty! That is a novel idea. I didn't know you were so modern. Your father was in his very prime, hale and handsome and uncomonly interesting."

"Well, I'm glad you think so, of course."

"And now his wife, your young stepmother—"

"My stepmother! And half my age!"

"But the fact remains. And she is suffering. You are the nearest person in the world to her."

"And it is my duty to take her home, you mean? I won't do it!"

"There is no one else."

Mrs. Gilbert gazed out of the open window, as if her thought would pierce beyond the blue. "I don't believe that can be required of me," she said.

The minister looked round on the rather sumptuous room, with its shining mahogany, its portraits, its tall vases of flowers, its silver candlesticks, its mirrows whose bevelled edges repeated all at strange angles. But he said nothing.

"Mr. Morton," she exclaimed then, "she wouldn't want to come here!"

"I daresay not. I don't even know that she wouldn't prefer the almshouse."

"I must say you are vastly complimentary!"

"But as she is at present in a delirious condition, she would know nothing about it, and she can't be asked."

"Oh, Mr. Morton, it does seem hard!"

"I suppose it is hard—all round. But an easy sacrifice is no sacrifice. I have heard you say you want to do something for the Lord. It is not often one can—except in the general way of fighting on his side. Here's your chance."

"I don't know."

"Sometimes the thorns are knee-deep in the path of duty," persisted the gentle minister.

"And you really think this is my duty?" she asked wistfully. "To give up my privacy, my fireside—all that makes home pleasant—to a person, too, whom I have reason to dislike, and also, perhaps, has reason to dislike me?"

"I think you will have to decide that for yourself. But while you are deciding, you might ask yourself what is a home for?"

Mrs. Gilbert sat down with a gesture of despair when the minister had shut the garden gate. It was a sunshiny day of June; the air blew in fresh with the fragrance of the roses that climbed over the gate and over the porch; the elms were bending and bowing in the soft west wind; the sunshine made the green of the grass vivid. But there was neither sunshine nor rose-scent for her; the sky she had thought so blue had clouded over, the world she had thought so beautiful was dull and gray. She had loved her home, her garden, her house, her seclusion, her peace. And now, must it all be destroyed? For there could be no peace with a person in the house whom you detested; and once in, of course she would never go out. There was nowhere for her to go. Must she then take her in and make the best of it? Oh, there wasn't any best to it! It was all worst! The tears started to her eyes—and Mrs. Gilbert's eyes were large and gray, with long black lashes, and tears made them very brilliant. But there, that was too childish! She dashed them away, and took up some work, and tried to thread one of the twenty needles she seemed to see between her thumb and finger, winking hard to be rid of the troublesome moisture. And, as she did so, she caught sight of the leaf of the calendar that she had torn off a half hour ago, yesterday's text upon it, "No chastening for the moment seemeth joyous."

For the moment. Then perhaps it might make one joyous in the end. She wiped her eyes and glanced at the calendar hanging just beside her work-table. And as the sunbeam swam round and lay upon it, there started out in letters of light the words of today's text, "Lo I come to do thy will, O God!"

It seemed suddenly to her as if a voice from the unknown, the beloved, the believed in, had spoken to her. As if a hand had been laid upon her arm. She half turned as if she might see a vision. Was this bitter thing indeed the will of God?

The minister had bade her ask herself the purpose of a home. She saw what he meant. Home was a sanctuary, a place of refuge. And to refuse sactuary to another, to refuse refuge! Yet it stood to reason that one could not take in all the world. One was not asked to take in all the world, however—only those that had some sort of claim, or some dire need. And Scripture itself had enjoined hospitality. But it was bitter—this woman who had been the cause of her estrangement from her father, to whom she had never spoken, whom indeed she had scarcely seen! Could it be really the will of God that she should take her in?

She knelt down by her sewing-chair, and bowed her head and tried to be humble; and she prayed for strength and for knowledge. As she knelt, the sunbeam still moving touched her shoulder and laid its warmth there; it felt like a warm hand ready to lead her. And then presently she forgot that, she forgot herself, she seemed to rise and rest upon some higher plane, and she felt an inexpressible sense of divine nearness. She found and read the Twenty-third Psalm when she rose, and unconsciously lingered over the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou are with me." This had been the valley of the shadow to her. But with that presence beside her? Why, with that, what could anything signify!

She put on her things and went out, a smile rippling over her face as she went, and making it lovely. And that noon the little stepmother was lying between the lavendered sheets of Mrs. Gilbert's best bed, and a nurse was in attendance, to be helped and relieved by Mrs. Gilbert herself.

In all the fever and delirium, Mrs. Gilbert could not but see what a dainty little thing this stranger was. Her father's wife—it was impossible to believe it—this child! How gentle, even in her wanderings; she was—the little lady! Mrs. Gilbert found herself thinking that she didn't half wonder at her father; any man would have felt the charm of the little person.

One night, when the tired nurse slept, Mrs. Gilbert held the watch in the room. It was the crisis of the fever. The patient was sleeping also, so deeply, so quietly, she barely seemed to breathe. If she waked, sinking, and with long slow gasps, it would soon all be over. But if she waked conscious— O Lord," sighed Mrs. Gilbert in her heart, "I have been a wicked woman! But thou hast driven rancor and bitterness out of my heart, oh, do not take away my peace! Spare her, give her back to life, make her happy again, and let me atone!" For the whispered wanderings had spoken only of cheerless sorrow.

All through the long night Mrs. Gilbert sat silent, almost breathless. Where now was all that spiritual satisfaction that had once been hers? She was aware only of a superstitious fancy that if this girl recovered she might take it as a sign that she herself had been forgiven for her hardness. "O Heavenly Father," she silently prayed again and again, "let me feel that all undeserving as I am, thou dost care for me."

The stars wheeled their hollow shell overhead, and paled and went out in the pearly dawn where one great planet retreated into brightness, as if it shone on the casque of some half-reaveled and mighty spirit of good; and the gray grew to rose, and the roses to gold, and the sun hung in the east, and a cool wind of dewy morning blew, and a long, level beam stole into the room and lay upon the pillow. The great, blue eyes in the white, still face opened, wondering, half-frightened eyes.

"It is all right," whispered Mrs. Gilbert, bending over her, herself in shadow. "You are in your own home—where you are always going to be. You will be well presently. Now just take this, and be off to dreams again."

Love always comes, an unbidden angel for the one in weakness or illness, the child, the invalid, to whom we give care and bring relief. It was some days after that critical night that as Mrs. Gilbert, giving her patient some drink, passed her arm under the pillow and lifted the head now all sunned over with short, bright curls, that a hand crept up timidly and weakly and touched her face, and she heard a sigh, "'Oh, I wanted to die! and I feel as though I had, and were with angels now!" And Mrs. Gilbert stooped and kissed her—kissed the stepmother!

Several weeks had dragged their slow length along, and the little patient, now entirely well, but still tired and languid, lay in her white wrapper on the wicker lounge inside the porch, taking the air and sunshine of the perfect Indian summer day. The leaves swept about in drifts of gold, the sky melted away in purple hazes, the air was laden with piny breath of balsams. It seemed good to her then just to be alive.

Mrs. Gilbert was sitting beside her. The minister had been there, having brought them a great stem of white lilies. "You put a black and ugly bulb into the ground, a little before this time of year, he said, "and this great miracle of white and odorous beauty is what comes of it. I don't know if a sin has in it the seed of anything good; but I know if we bury it deep enough, we sometimes find in its place loveliness and happiness and peace. 'Like the good deeds that "blossom in the dust." '"

"Oh, we do!" cried Mrs. Gilbert, when he had gone. And she bent and kissed a color into the cheek of the dainty creature beside her. "Do you believe," she said, "that you have really forgiven me? I know, I know, ...at if both the Lord and you forgive me, I never can forgive myself! To think I could be so cruel to my father and to you!"

Tears welled into the blue eyes till they looked like forget-me-nots filled with morning dews. "He loved you all the same," said the little stepmother. "And it is you who must forgive me—because I came between you. But I didn't mean to—and oh, I—I loved him so!"

"I never would have believed," said Mrs. Gilbert, bringing the wrap more closely about her charge, "that a sin and a rebellion could be so turned into a blessing and a delight! The dear Lord knew all the time! He gave you to me through much tribulation. And now I am going to keep you here always and thank him for you every day!" And if then they had a good time crying together, it is because words are feeble to express gladness and love, and tears are eloquent.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Young People

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Why are tears like potatoes? Because they spring from the eyes.

What reptile is always welcome in a school room? A good adder.

In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

What is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are week (weak) days.

Why is a miss not as good as a mile? Because a miss has only two feet and a mile has 5,280.

What is the word of three syllables which contains the whole twenty-six letters? Alphabet.

What is the difference between a bankrupt and a feather-bed? One is hard up and the other is soft down.

Under what conditions might handkerchiefs be used in building a wall? If they became brick (be cambric).

Why is a room full of married people like an empty room? Because there is not a single person in it.

How can you divide fourteen apples between nine boys if four of them are very small? by making them into sauce.

TWO THORNS.

It hurt. Every minute it seemed to hurt worse,—worser,, Elizabeth said. She kept uncrumpling her palm and looking at it, and touching it to make sure it hurt very much—and groaning softly under the breath. There was nobody in the world Elizabeth pitied so much as Elizabeth, for probably there wasn't any other little girl with a cruel thorn in her hand.

Madamoiselle looked sorry, but Elizabeth would not look at Madamoiselle. You don't look at folks who keep you a whole hour away from your play to learn your spelling all over again, or that say: "What, what!" at you when you say your three table. Folks like that you—'spise.

"Governesses are dreadful folks," sighed Elizabeth. "I wish my mother'd let me go to school instead of having me governed." But she could not wish anything very long, except that, except that the thorn would come out of her hand. It certainly did ache worser than ever—there now, didn't it! Hadn't she pinched it to see, and didn't it?

"Elizabeth"—the voice was quite gentle but firm. Elizabeth did not turn round. Her little white forehead above the tan-line was wrinkled with real pain.

"There is still the spelling"—

As if she could learn her spelling with a thorn in her hand. But she opened the book again and whispered "A-che-e—a-ch-e" over and over to herself.

Why! Why! That was what she was doing now, this minute—a-ch-e-ing! Elizabeth laughed softly, in spite of herself. After that the word was easy enough to spell. Elizabeth was eight; but as long as she lived, even when she was eighty, she would know how to spell a-ch-e.

Some one was talking to Mademoiselle at the door.

"No," Mademoiselle was sighing, Elizabeth lost there, then, "She is my little—what you call?—thorn in the flesh."

Elizabeth sat up straighter. The speller slid to the floor.

"She means me," she thought. "She's got one in her flesh, too, and it's—me!"

It was rather a startling idea. It had never been clear like that before—what her naughtiness was like to Mademoiselle. How much it must hurt if it was like a thorn in her hand! It must burn and sting and ache-ach-e. How much it must a-ch-e!

Elizabeth found herself beginning to be sorry for Mademoiselle on account of that thorn. If some one would take it out? Nobody in the world could take it out except Elizabeth. And Elizabeth—she turned suddenly and ran to Mademoiselle.

"I'll take it out!" laughed Elizabeth, softly. "I've got one in my hand, too, an' I know how it hurts. I never s-posed before that thorns and—and bad little girls hurt just alike. I can spell a-ch-e now, an' my tables. Don't you think it will come out of your flesh then?"

Mademoiselle understood. With a little cry she caught Elizabeth up and kissed her. Then as gently os she could she uncrumpled the little aching hand and drew out Elizabeth's thorn. They were both laughing when it was over, so Mademoiselle's thorn must have come out, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Zion's Herald.

A FORGIVING PARTY.

"All them 'at's mad at me an' ready to furgive come to the appel tree at 5. Allan."

It was chalked on a board in big letters, so that Philip could easily spell it out. And Philip was mad at Allan, because Allan had hit his dog with a stone, so that the dog was limping all day. To be sure, Allan said he had not seen the dog, but then Allan was always doing things and saying he didn't mean to.

Nancy Oaks came along just then, and read it carefully. "I ain't a-goin'," she burst out. "He broke my Ruby Pearl so 'at she'll never go to sleep again. He run over her with his express wagon, he did! I won't go to his old party."

Patsy heard her, and laughed. "Well, you'll see me there," he said. "An' I'll squirt with his hose all I want to. You see if I don't!"

Meanwhile, Allan had various troubles of his own. All this had come about by his learning the text, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." His mother explained it to him. "There's a whole lot that's mad at me," he said sorrowfully to his mother.

"See if you cannot find a way to make up with them," his mother replied. And Allan had gone to the barn to look at the colt's, when the idea of a make-up party came to him. "If mother'd let me have some cookies an' popcorn, I could get 'em together before the sun goes down, and then mebby I'd get furguv."

So the next thing was to ask mamma, and she said there were plenty of cookies for a party, and Jane should get the table for him under the apple tree. But now, when it was three in the afternoon, Allan's heart misgave him. He was afraid nobody would come. "About all I play with are mad and it'd be lonesome if nobody came," he thought.

Jane set the table under the apple tree. There were cookies and honey and ginger bread, and popcorn, and pink lemonade, but Allan could not feel as if this was a picnic; it was a very subdued little boy who awaited Patsy as he came forward with a cheery "Hello there!" He was followed by the twins, Bee and Boo, who lived in the large house around the other side of the hill. They were mad because Allan wouldn't let them ride in his automobile. But the automobile was on hand now and they raced down the hill, after one longing look at the honey quivering in the sunlight. And so one after another they all came, until there wasn't one who had not forgiven him when the sun went down.—Ex.

China is making a brave fight against the opium habit. All the civilized world is watching the struggle. There is good reason to believe that China will succeed. Not long ago we saw the statement that there were fully 20,000 people addicted to the opium habit in California. Mr. E. W. Thwing, a correspondent of the reform bureau, says: "California, after a year of crusade on the part of its State Board of Pharmacy, today regards with unqualified horror and alarm the fearful spread of opium smoking among the whites, and especially in high social circles. Women who are prominent in the best society, matrons whose family names are synonymous with the hardy virtues which made the State the golden crown of the nation's western empire; young girls, delicate and sweet as the perfumed flowers they wear at their bosoms when presented in their innocence to the world at their debut—all these, and thousands more in every class of California society, and young men at the threshold of usefulness, have fallen victims to the enslaving habit of the poisonous drug."

The Emperor and Empress Dowager are dead. Their departures occurred almost simultaneously. Kuang Hsi was the nephew of the former emperor of China. The Empress Dowager on any account has been a wonderful woman. The Emperor was born in 1872 and was proclaimed Emperor in 1875, but did not exercise the functions of government until 1887. His policy was in the nature of a sweeping reform.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and
backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my old
doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while,
you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite Mary Ann (though
I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lively doll child
such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-
four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as
the answer to two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who
always acts so proud,
Said, "six times nine is fifty-two" and
I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll and—sakes
alive!—I answered—"Mary Ann!"

—Anna M. Pratt.

BEAUTIFUL PATIENCE.

Singularly beautiful is the cheerfulness of work-wearied and worried folk. The cruelty of carelessness of loved ones have weighted their lives with crushing crosses, or sheer misfortune has smitten them pitilessly, stroke upon stroke. The beauty of their cheerfulness assumes a form of a patience which is little less than divine.

Now and again, distinguished and strenuous men in the high places of activity, little suspected of silent heroisms, wear a face of cheerful courage which is magnificent. In other spheres of life, less conspicuous, pernaps, or it may be still more conspicuous, gifted and influential men and women rise above aching troubles that are not less real because unconfessed.

As representing the lowlier walks of life, take the testimony of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch": "I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then sit on the lid and smile."

Thousands of people every day are chanting:

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

It is quite true that, as Oliver Wendell Holmes has pointed out, that much of the noblest work in life is done by illdressed, awkward, ungainly persons. Their glory is that they have cheerful souls, whose beauty rags cannot hide, nor awkwardness disfigure, nor ungainliness distort.—J. E. Harlow in The Baltimore Methodist.

FAITH AND SIGHT.

So many Christians want to walk by sight; they want to see how a thing is going to come out. Jacob walked by sight. He never could have gone through the temptations and trials that his son Joseph did. Joseph had more faith; he could walk in the dark. Lot was a weak character, and should have stayed with Abraham. A good many men, as long as they are bolstered up by some goodly person, get along very well; but they can't stand alone. Have faith in God to guide you, even though you can't see.—D. L. Moody.

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